

1756

THE
SYMPATHY OF PRIESTS;
ADDRESSED TO
THOMAS FYSCHE PALMER,
PORT-JACKSON.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
O D E S,
WRITTEN IN 1792.

BY J. T. RUTT.

*Yet may my tongue disdain a vassal's care,
My lyre resound no prostituted praise,
More warm to merit, more elate to wear,
The Cap of Freedom, than the Crown of Bays.*

SHENSTONE.

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(THE)
SYMPATHY OF PRIESTS;

ADDRESSED TO

THOMAS FYSCHE PALMER,
PORT-JACKSON.

PALMER, while statesmen with a maniac's rage,
'Gainst rising freedom, the vain battle wage ;
While Christian priests with vengeful passions burn,
Indignant to my exil'd Friend I turn,
Whose patriot toils in these degenerate times,
Gain but the dire reward of ruthless crimes.

What though I ne'er enjoy'd thy social hours,
To science sacred in her GRANTA's bowers ;
Ne'er mark'd thy zeal to guide the studious youth
Through reason's portal to the shrine of truth ;

Or aid inquiring virtue to explore
 The priceless treasure of the Christian lore;
 Yet have I seen thee for a courtier's hate,
 Doom'd to endure the guilty ruffian's fate,
 Seen thee amidst yon bark's dread horrors brave,
 Nor as thou rov'st beside the southern wave,
 Anxious to learn through many a tedious day,
 If EUROPE's freedom flourish or decay,
 And fondly pouring to the unconscious flood
 Some generous wishes for thy country's good;
 Shall time or distance from my bosom tear
 Thy worth, that memory loves to cherish there.

Yes, PALMER, would I emulate thy mind, P
 To wrongs superior, and to Heaven resign'd;
 Ardent the plans of human bliss to form,
 Yet calm to view Corruption's wildest storm;
 While Virtue brings to dissipate the gloom,
 Her hope that gilds the dungeon or the tomb;
 Hope such as oft inspir'd the Christian sage,
 For human weal to scorn the tyrant's rage,
 To view unmov'd the dread array of death,
 And bless his foes with nature's faltering breath.

But

But say, where veils she now her form divine,
 Whose charms still bright on history's tablet shine?
 Ah me! the beauteous guest of heavenly birth,
 How spoil'd and mangled by the sons of earth!
 Thus the lorn traveller in days of yore,
 'Midst ruffians fall'n, lay weltering in his gore;
 'Twas then a priest, I ween no man of God,
 At distance ey'd him as he pass'd the road;
 Perhaps a chaplain of the Jewish court,
 Eager he hasten'd to the gay resort,
 His taste to charm with luxury's dainty dishes,
 To share the more substantial loaves and fishes;
 Or haply hir'd to cry reformers down,
 Depress the people, and exalt the crown.
 For ah! what deeds have stain'd the page of time!
 Here tyrants deem superior worth a crime;
 There while the bigot wields the scourge of power,
 Compassion pleáds in vain, or pleads no more.
 Thus LAUD could triumph o'er thy blameless age,
 LEIGHTON! the mangled victim of his rage;
 Thus injured BIDDLE's varied woes proclaim,
 How "priests of all religions are the same."

But HORSELEY mark! of mitred honours proud,
 Whose pious pomp deludes the thoughtless crowd ;
 Now to defend the sacred one in ten,
 " A fierce polemic issuing from his den ;"
 Now as a cur, that barks, yet dares not bite,
 He rails at PRIESTLEY, though he fears to write ;
 PRIESTLEY, whose merits had but half appear'd,
 Had not Corruption her black standard rear'd ;
 Had not she rous'd the slanderer's venom'd tongue,
 And wak'd the fury of the bigot throng.
 Lo ! as old " Church and King" their zeal inspire,
 The surplic'd magi fan the mystic fire.
 They chase fair science from her favour'd isle,
 Ev'n on her ruin'd monuments they smile ;
 Not as the wandering hordes with heedless gaze,
 View the fall'n column, pride of antient days ;
 But like the fiend of Eden, rapt in thought,
 Of the wide woes his wily malice wrought.

Ev'n priests, whose creeds and customs disagreed,
 Whether they quaff the Tiber, Thames, or Tweed,
 To falling DIAN raise the common cry,
 While Freedom lifts her awful fasces high ;

While

While the wrong'd people break the galling yoke,
 And spurn the cowl, the cassock, and the cloak.
 What though religion from the scene remove,
 Secure she shelters in her father's love;
 His wisdom trusts, who ev'n by hands profane,
 Can lead the triumphs of her promis'd reign;
 As erst reveal'd in JUDAH's happier hour,
 He girded CYRUS with his conquering power.

Religion ! friend of sweet domestic peace,
 Of public virtue and of social bliss,
 Who giv'st all-bounteous to the unletter'd swain,
 What toiling science long pursued in vain,
 A lenient balm amidst the mortal strife,
 A hope beyond the vanities of life:
 Such were thy triumphs ! such thy antient praise !
 But ah ! how fallen in these degenerate days !
 Why yonder plain with christian carnage strew'd ?
 Yon crofs, why waves it o'er the scene of blood ?
 'Tis plum'd ambition mocks thy hallow'd name,
 Shouts thy *Te Deum* on the field of fame,
 And with such rites invokes the God of love,
 As Pagans scarce had offer'd to their Jove.

Thy

Thy garb on AFRIC's, or on INDIA's shore;
 Fell avarice wears, all red with human gore ;
 While Freedom's sons, by priests so long betray'd,
 On Reason call, but slight Religion's aid.

Yet know, mistaken sceptics, ye who read
 No christian gospel, but the bigot's creed,
 That sanctions vain Ambition's wild desire,
 Know 'twas not *this* that wak'd the prophet's lyre,
 'Twas not for *this* around the empyreal dome,
 The angelic host proclaim'd the Saviour come,
 And sung as his auspicious reign began,
 " Peace smile on earth, from Heaven good will to man."

Nor vainly sung the bright angelic quire ;
 Nor vainly warbled JUDAH's hallowed lyre :
 For lo ! the gloom recedes, the dawn appears,
 The promis'd dawn of nature's blissful years,
 When Peace, with all the virtues in her train,
 O'er the wide world shall stretch her halcyon reign,
 And heav'n-born Truth in simple beauty rise,
 Such as she first descended from the skies :
 Let ROME's pale despot call on monkish night,
 Again to quench " the blaze of moral light ;"

Let

Let nations, Liberty's reputed sons
 With tyrants league, to rear their prostrate thrones;
 Against her cause with equal ardour warm,
 As when they check'd a **BOURBON**'s slaughtering arm;
 'Tis vain: for now the bounteous Sire of man,
 Through paths unseen conducts the eternal plan,
 And all his truth and mercy to perform,
 " Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

I sang how rival priests were all agreed,
 From sultry **TIBER**, to the breezy **TWEED**.
 Thus while the matin and the vesper bell
 Rouse the shorn bigot in his gothic cell,
 Relics to kiss, to invoke the saints for aid,
 And weary heaven, to save the gainful trade;
 Amidst the lawn-rob'd craftsmen **DURHAM** stands,
 And calls to order with uplifted hands..
 When the rash minion urg'd with impious haste
 The dread resolve, that lays our cities waste,
 That drags the husband from the wife's embrace,
 Or dooms to vice and want his orphan race;
 Of guileless millions sounds the mortal knell,
 And lures to earth the direst fiends of hell;

Then

Then loiter'd on preferment's couch of ease,
 The meek apostle of the Prince of Peace ;
 He saw the potent ministerial nod,
 And " slept obedience " to his earthly God,
 Yet wak'd his ire when STANHOPE dar'd declare,
 The mock artillery of the holy war.

Lo ! SCOTIA's doctors prove the poet's charge,
 " New presbyter is but old priest writ large."
 Around the synod what strange terrors rise !
 Yon gathering cloud they view with sad surprize,
 Lest in the storm the imposing Kirk should fink,
 And future MAGGILL's write whate'er they think.
 SKIRVING, unheeded then thy consort's tears,
 Thy children's—sever'd from a father's cares,
 To Power, all deaf, to Pity's plaintive note,
 They offer incense in a loyal vote ;
 For as in antient, so in modern days,
 Uncourtly virtue, wakes no courtier's praise.
 Ah MUIR ! thy cell they shunn'd, thy floating jail,
 Nor country's ties, nor christian's, could avail ;
 The sordid breast not friendship's figh could move,
 Nor the mute anguish of parental love ;

Though

Though genius smil'd upon thy natal hour,
Though science met thee in her classic bower,
She who so oft allur'd thy generous youth
With arduous toil to climb the steep of truth,
Deaf to the voice of mammon's venal throng,
Or to the syren pleasure's dulcet song :
Vain was thy worth, thy eloquence as vain,
The priest pass'd by, while strangers sooth'd thy pain,
Delightful task, which oft as virtue pays,
With sweet remembrance of those few short days,
She bids such raptures in my bosom glow,
As kings would punish, but can ne'er bestow.
Yet more delightful task, should Heav'n decree,
The ruthless minion's fall, and **BRITAIN** free !
To hail the virtuous exiles on her shore,
The apostate's envy, but his sport no more !

5
The only desire I have upon this earth
To hold a position that does in fact deserve power
Spare me to the skill of thy benignant hand
With judgment to command the heed of others
Desire of the choice of ministers, a power I have
Or to the favor bestowed, a grace I have
And were I but a world, thy guidance would
The brief stage I pass'd, a world, a witness to thy hand
Delighted in thy works, as far as I have seen
With sweet remembrance of those who have
Spare me when I absent in my portion below
A single world, passing but from the past
Yet more delighted to see thy hand Britain free
The multiple millions still, and Britain free
To fill the nation with a sense of her worth
The abominable crew, that sit upon the world

O D E S,

WRITTEN IN 1792.

•SOBRIUMETTIW

O (D) E

WILLIAM SMITH,

ON HIS
OPPOSITION TO THE SLAVE TRADE.

Universus hic mundus una civitas communis hominum existimanda.

CICERO.

The world should be esteemed as one community.

SMITH! would the lyric muse inspire my song,
Ne'er should the task be mine,
To swell the plaudits of the venal throng,
Who bend at Fortune's shrine;
Though DRYDEN, WARTON, masters of the lay,
Deign'd to accept the laureat's foppish bay.

Yet, wak'd by Virtue, should the numbers flow,
To hail their generous zeal,
Who listening to the distant plaint of woe,
A kindred pang could feel,
When

SMITH

When pour'd the captive AFRIC's abject child,
His griefs unpitied to the echoing wild.

Hark! 'tis Humanity's meek voice I hear,
It floats on every wind ;
Her theme from sportive Pleasure claims a tear,
And apathy grows kind ;
Justice awakes, Compassion's cries prevail,
Ev'n ALBION's senate blushes at the tale.

Now Fancy would the blissful scene explore,
(Yon gathering storm o'erpast)
When Peace shall reign from INDIA's sultry shore,
To ZEMBLA's frozen waste ;
And Commerce then, no more a nation's crime,
Her friendly bark shall steer in every clime.
Science, benignant patroness of art,
Shall visit AFRIC's strand,
To the drear plains a genial power impart,
And renovate the land ;
Where frown'd the waste, shall waving harvests smile,
And Freedom's song the peasant's cares beguile.

SMITH !

SMITH ! would the man whose sympathetic mind,

Nor creeds nor climes confine,

Who as a brother feels for human kind,

Would he his joys resign,

For such as gild Ambition's brightest day,

When the long pageant crouds the public way ?

For ah ! how vain the eager chase of fame !

How vain the hero's care,

On glory's column to inscribe his name !

See Time the pile impair,

Ev'n as the mounds to shapeless ruin fall,

Where once he triumph'd o'er the embattled wall !

And what avail the statesman's deep-laid schemes,

To elude a rival's power ?

Of royal smiles, of honour's plume he dreams,

Ev'n in the fatal hour,

When down the treacherous steep of fortune hurl'd,

He mourns the scorn, or pity of the world.

Not

Not so, Humanity, thy votaries mourn;
 In life's obscurest shade,
 A laurel shall their favour'd brows adorn,
 To victors never paid;
 Verdant it smiles in sorrow's dreary gloom,
 It glows through wintry age with Virtue's fairest bloom.

ODE

O D E
ON THE
ANNIVERSARY of the BRITISH ~~CONSTITUTION~~.
Revolution

They who trusted men with power, might justly retract, limit, or abolish it when they found it to be abused. And though no condition had been reserved, the public good, which is the end of all government, had been sufficient to abrogate all that should tend to the contrary.

SIDNEY.

NO more the bard's heroic verse shall flow,
To hail ambition from the field of war,
Though fortune to a tyrant's wishes bow,
Though captive nations drag the victor's car ;
For patriot deeds the choral song we raise,
And twine the laurel that shall ne'er decay,
While ALBION's sons till Time's remotest days,
At Freedom's shrine the grateful homage pay ;
And Reason shall with critic skill explore
The rude tradition of a barbarous age,
Or cautious trace the historian's courtly page,
And strip the gaudy robe from lawless power,

F

Through

Through flattery's veil the despot's vices scan,
But deck with glory's wreath the generous friend of man.

Such **ALFRED**, he, whose lucid genius plann'd
The public weal, and dignified a crown ;
HAMPDEN, who foremost in a valiant band,
Despis'd the menace of a tyrant's frown ;
SIDNEY, the peerless patriot of his age,
Who firm amidst an abject people stood,
To nobler times bequeath'd the deathless page,
And seal'd his doctrine with a martyr's blood.

Nor, injur'd **RUSSEL**, shall thy fame decay,
Who scorn'dst submission to oppressive power ;
Nor yours, who rising in this happier hour,
Burst the base fetters of tyrannic sway ;
For you the bards of every age shall raise
The song to Virtue dear, no laureat's venal praise.

Bright was the glow of Freedom's dawning ray,
Though brighter hues the noon-tide hours adorn ;
Nor should the nations in the blaze of day
Forget the first sweet blushes of the morn.

ALBION

ALBION thy patriot band the example gave,
 That fir'd the BRITONS of a distant shore,
 Then rous'd a gallant people, vainly brave,
 Who bow'd for ages to despotic power.

COLUMBIA's sons, see! peace and plenty clear,
 The ruthless storm of regal vengeance past,
 To cultur'd life, where frown'd the gloomy waste,
 The free Republic, lo! they joyful rear.
 See GALLIA rival ROME's immortal name,
 While slumbering nations wake and emulate her fame.

GALLIA! in vain would kings and priests combine;
 'Tis thine the code of social bliss to plan,
 To assert the sovereign people's right divine,
 And lead the nations in the cause of man.
 Ere long GERMANIA, daring to be free,
 Shall join her millions to thy dauntless band,
 Or milder fate—possess thy liberty

Conferr'd by reformation's lenient hand.

IBERIA too, where superstition's fane
 Has stood for ages, propp'd by lawless power,
 Shall wake to reason in some favoring hour,
 And GRECIA hear a new Olympic strain;

Ev'n RUSSIA's torpid slaves the sound prolong,
Till Liberty or Death be every nations song.

Then science, rescued from the bigot's cell,

And the dark mazes of scholastic strife,
Amidst the crowded walks of men shall dwell,

And give new pleasures to domestic life.
Nor shall the winged bark her sails expand,

Ruin to hurl on some defenceless shore ;
But commerce hasten to join each distant land,

And nations learn the art of war no more ;

Nor proud Oppression lift her front abhor'd,
Nor wearied toil regret his fruitless care ;
No more the vineyard dress, the olive rear,

To decks a tyrant-lord's luxurious board ;
For white-rob'd Peace shall visit earth again,
And Justice dwell with Power in Freedom's equal reign.

BRITONS ! revolve the triumphs of the day,

When Virtue struggled for the public weal ;
Yet to the example of your fathers pay,

No servile homage, but an equal zeal ;
And GRECIA press a new Olympia's rising ;

For

Nor rest in sloth supine ; for Freedom's cause
 Demands the vigour of her patriot son,
 Nor cease the toil, till fix'd on equal laws,
 The long-lost " rights of all to all are known."
 Hail ! Liberty, in early time rever'd ;
 Ages unborn to thee shall raise the song,
 The grateful nations to thy temple throng :
 And, O ! where'er the beauteous fane be rear'd,
 From the bleak North, to AFRIC's fultry waste,
 Firm may thy altar stand, ador'd till time be past !

Worl for in hoyt tibbe; for tibbe
Bounshys the Almon of her battal for
Swl larp no b'zil hit for tibbe
Worl for in tibbe of the s'ce pow'z
The foyg-foyg for tibbe
H'zil f'zil in cestvime tibbe
Accord'z this H'zil for modus engl
The bigg'ly uslions of the c'c'le's t'zil
And O! w'c'le's the persec'z for tibbe
From the pleyn Worl to Arce, f'zil
I foyg ad'zib'z H'zil for tibbe
I'll my tibbe sh'si tibbe, sh'zib'z H'zil for tibbe

O D E

T O

THOMAS ERSKINE,

ON HIS

**DEFENCE OF THOMAS PAINE, AND THE
FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.**

*Give me the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according
to conscience above all liberties.*

MILTON.

ERSKINE! 'tis not thy flowing eloquence,
That wakes the artless music of my lyre,
Though classic strains adorn'd thy manly sense,
Though MARO's sweetnes, join'd with TULLY's fire,
In mute attention held the listening throng;
Nor would I touch the strings with venal hand,
Nor at Ambition's voice, or Fame's command,
To ill-directed genius tune my song.

I

I praise thy ardour for those equal laws,
 By patient wisdom plann'd in ages past,
 Thy zeal to rescue Freedom's hallowed cause,
 From courtiers' wiles, or bigots' furious blast,
 Fearless to combat in her honour'd van,
 And save from power's controul the dearest rights of man.

When at the Maker's call the world appear'd,
 He fix'd his chief regard on human kind,
 Erected man above the brutal herd,
 By speech distinguish'd, and a reasoning mind :
 Then language first in nature's simple dress,
 Erewhile by art embellish'd and restrain'd,
 Taught him, if pleasure charm'd, or sorrow pain'd,
 All the keen feelings of his soul to express :
 Tradition next oppos'd her feeble aid
 To check the force of Time's o'erwhelming rage,
 The hoary grandfire to the youth convey'd
 Songs of the bard, and maxims of the sage,
 Yet her faint traces from the memory glide,
 Sunk through the lapse of years in one oblivious tide.

EGYPT !

Egypt ! that mourn'st thy antient glories gone,
 Beneath the crescent's ignominious sway,
 On thee the radiant morn of science shone,
 While **Europe**'s sons in midnight darkness lay.

The hieroglyphic on the massy stone
 The early annals of thy empire bore,
 And made thy sages' philosophic lore
 To climes remote and distant periods known.
 Yet not on pyramids depends thy fame,
 Invented letters are thy nobler praise :
 These from oblivion snatch the **Roman** name,
 And paint the scenes of **Grecia**'s valiant days,
 Glow with the raptur'd bard's extatic rage,
 Or trace the wanderer, man, along th' historic page.

But vain the genius of an early age ;
 Vain too the wonderous art of modern time ;
 If **Britain** fir'd by party's frantic rage,
 On speculation fix a civil crime,
 Her envied freedom but a specious boast,
 Her sons with learning's chymic art no more
 From error's mass extract the precious ore,
 Unbought by all the wealth of **India**'s coast ;

Ev'n now Corruption's mist o'erspreads the land ;
 I see the genius of my country bow ;
 And as the sorceress waves the magic wand,
 Tremble before a visionary foe ;
 Heedless what fatal ills the cause betide,
 For which her **ALFRED** toil'd, her **SIDNEY** liv'd and died.

Yet, **ERSKINE**, emulate the generous band,
 And to their virtue and their fame aspire,
 Who rescued freedom from the tyrant's hand,
 Or wak'd the embers of her antient fire.
 Explore the radiant scenes her **MILTON** drew ;
 Enlighten'd Genius ! his the soaring mind,
 Unaw'd by power, by systems unconfin'd,
 That rang'd beyond a meaner mortal's view ;
 And should some distant age his song rehearse,
 Yet lose the music of his heav'nly lore,
 When, "such as **CHAUCER**'s," shall be **HAYLEY**'s verse,
 And **TOOKE**'s pure eloquence can charm no more,
 Should Time's rude hand obscure thy polish'd phrase,
 Yet shall his latest age repeat the Patriot's praise !

